

# O, SQUEEZE ME, JOE!

In Harlem Lane, there once did dwell a charming little beau,  
With whom I walked and sometimes talked, his christian name was  
Joe;

I knew that he was fond of me, though he never told me so,  
But when my hand in his was pressed, I said, O squeeze me, Joe.

## CHORUS.

O, squeeze me, Joe, O, squeeze me, Joe;  
It makes me feel so jolly, you know;  
O, squeeze me, Joe, O, squeeze me, Joe;  
And if you love me, tell me so.

He kept a pretty little farm, and horses he had three,  
So he said, my dear, there'll be no harm to take a ride with me,  
He did, and slipp'd from off the horse, and caught me you must know,  
Then placed his arm around my waist, when I cried, don't squeeze  
me, Joe.

O, squeeze me, Joe, &c.

He popp'd the question there and then, he did upon my life,  
And said, my little darling, will you really be my wife;  
I gave a sigh, then said, O my, I really can't say no,  
I'll be your wife and joy through life, if you'll only squeeze me, Joe.  
O, squeeze me, Joe, &c.

I married him then and now am happy as can be,  
For the little farm, and all its charms of course belong to me,  
And when he says, I'm going away, to town for a day or so,  
I can't do less than give a kiss, and say, O, squeeze me, Joe.  
O, squeeze me, Joe, &c.

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